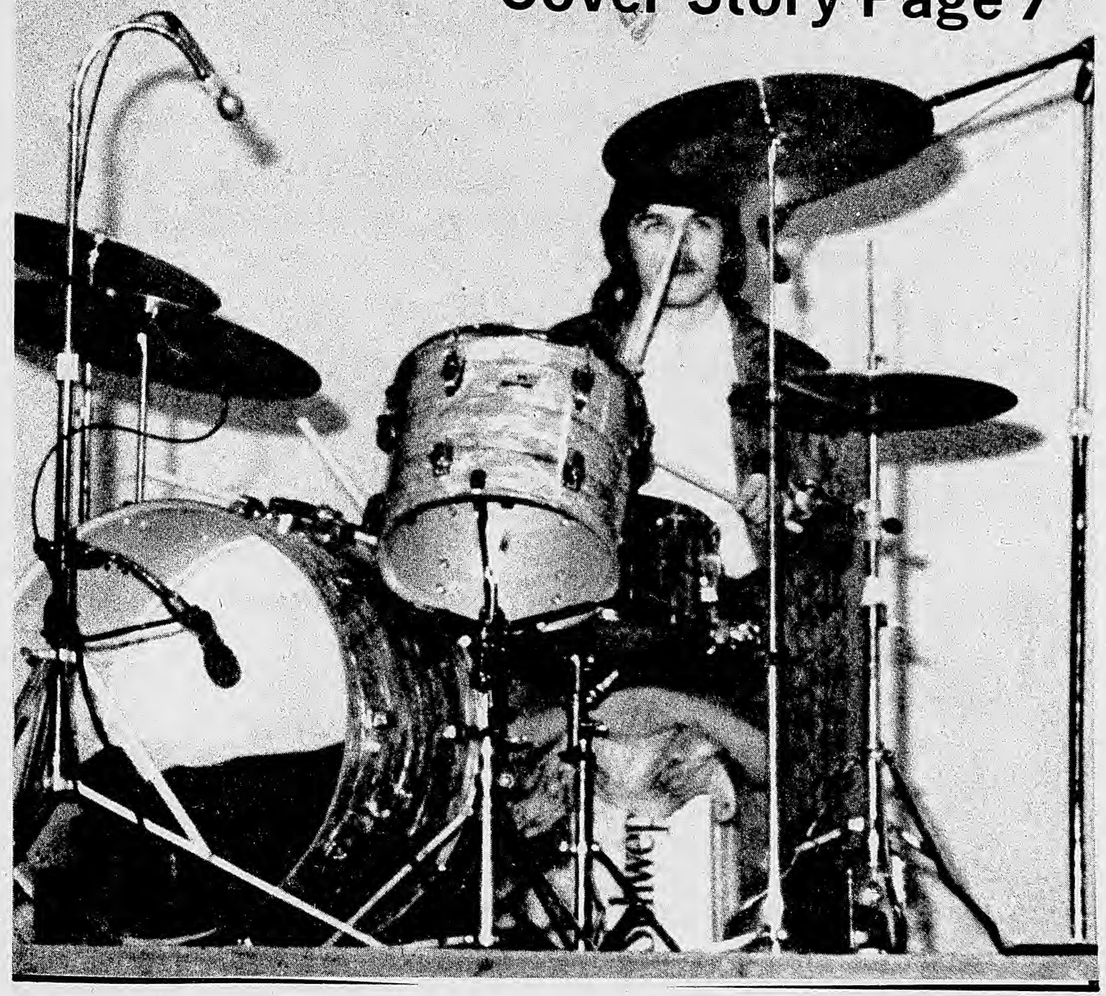
WHEN YOU'RE SMILING CALL FOR 'LABATT'S BLUE'

THE TRUE-BLUE
FRIENDLY BEER

projector
red river community college
JANUARY 17 1973

CAMPUS BLUE BEGINS

Cover Story Page 7



WHEN YOU ASK FOR A CLUB... BE SURE IT'S A BEER!

MANITOBA'S CLUB BEER
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When you decide to change your label...Join the Club.

spur

Exams! What a bunch of propaganda! Yes, propaganda. Exams are the administration's way of breaking our spirits, destroying our morals, changing our scruples and in general molding us according to the patterns they seem to think are "right and good". If it weren't for the oppression of exams who knows what a good world we might have? Have a look at the poem on page15and after reading it, why don't you find yourself an administrator or an instructor and shove a copy of this paper down his/her throat. Or even better, try a copy of the exam time table.

The Festival du Voyageur is coming up soon and Paul Fogg, the S.A.'s Activities Director, has an idea how our college should get involved. He figures we should enter a girl in the beauty queen contest. He said just the other day that he would like to put an ad in the paper for (and this is a direct quote) "a bilingual girl with a fairly nice body." We understand Paul will be making the choice as to which girl will be our entry. Ah, such are the benefits of working being on the Student Association.

At the end of the recent Smile Contest run on campus a small trophy was awarded to a Photo student for what was judged to be the best shot taken during the contest. It is interesting to note, however, that the photo of the overall best smile was taken by our photographer Larry Sparling, and he seems a bit annoyed because all he has received from the contest has been trouble and non-recognition.

You call this a party? The beer is warm, the women are cold, and I'm hot under the collar.

On a couple of days during the exam schedule there are as few as 15 students writing in the new gym at one time. But do you think that they could be moved into one of the empty classrooms so those who want could shoot a few baskets? No way. That would upset the system.

We have been told that the people at the radio station are getting tired of what they call our "witty criticism". Well, we're sorry, and we promise not to be witty in the future.

We are glad to see that they have finally painted the inside of Buffalo Place. But we regret that the new paint job can be seen neither from the inside nor from the outside. They're lovely bands of color, quite exciting, really. But nobody can see them. They're far too much above head level to be noticed by anyone in Buffalo Place. You would be able to see them from outside through those slanted windows, that's if the windows weren't tinted. So gaze skyward next time you're in Buffalo, and you may catch a climpse of the paint job. Anyway, it's nice to know there are still a few creative thoughts wandering around the tower. Somewhere.

A sincere apology from the staff of the Projector for an error in the short story "Bloody Christmas" which was in the last issue of the Projector. Four important paragraphs were left out and the story therefore lacked its original impact. Our apologies to the author and his reading public.

The next issue of this paper will be brought to you through the hard work of the new editor, Tim Haverluck. We all wish him lots of luck because we know about putting out this paper every two weeks, and the late late nights spent putting it together every second Wednesday. Yes, we wish him luck. Someone asked the outgoing editor, Fred Brennan what he had to say about things now that he was leaving the game. He looked up from putting together his last paper, and thought a minute. Then he admitted that he had survived, that he'd learned a lot he wouldn't have learned otherwise, and yes, he was glad he had done it. And so from Fred Brennan, and the other outgoing Projector people, "see ya around!"

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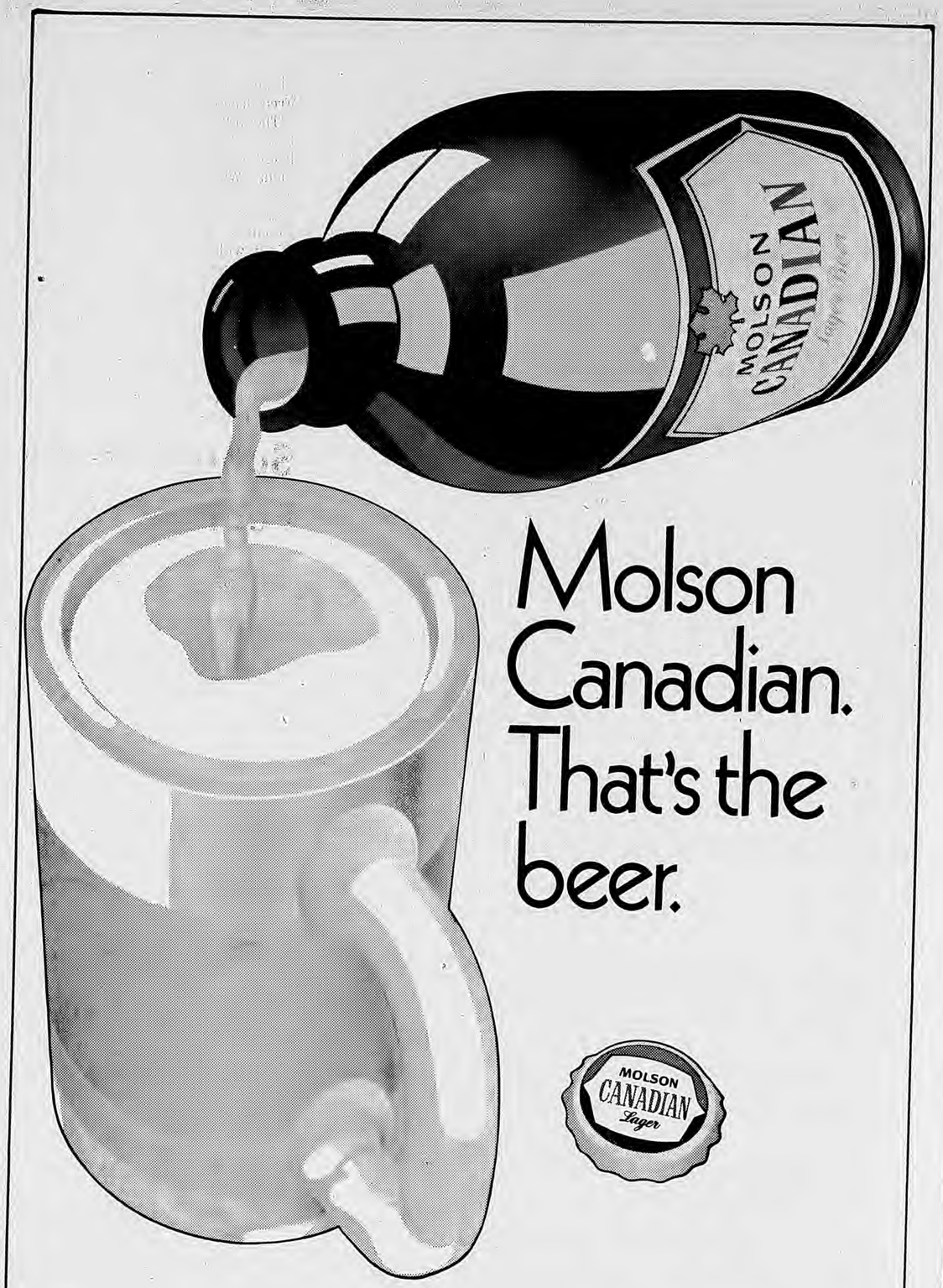

Survey Taken On Housing

The S.A. conducted a survey last week to determine student opinion on available housing and the need for a student residence at RRCC.

S.A. president Gary Novak said in an interview last Tuesday the survey was designed to find out where students are now living, if they are satisfied with their present accommodation, and, taking into consideration their financial means, what type of housing they would prefer.

The two main sections of the three-page form were: a section dealing with the student's present housing and the rent he pays, a section asking the student what he would prefer for housing and what rent he would be willing to pay for this housing.

The possible answers to the housing preference section ranged from a simple single room accommodation, to rooms with board, apartments, and rooms in a "conventional university residence" with or without board.

The S.A. executive conducted the survey themselves taking the forms into each classroom that was to be surveyed. Mr Novak said this was a better approach than last year when similar housing surveys were distributed in the halls. The results last year were not really valid because many people treated the survey as a joke, he said.

Approximately 1,000 people were to be assessed between Monday and Wednesday of last week and by Tuesday evening 600 of the forms had been completed.

The survey information has not been processed yet, but Mr Novak expects this will be done by computer during the exam period and then he will assess the date during mid-term break.

The full results of the survey and the action the S.A. will take on the survey will be published early in the next term.

New Editors Appointed To Projector

We at the Projector are pleased to announce that you faithful readers won't have Fred Brennan to kick around anymore. Dear old Fred, our beloved editor-in-chief has finally shown some compassion and decided to retire from the newspaper game.

His able successor will be Tim Haverluck, a first year creative communications student. Mr Haverluck has a straight-forward and refreshing approach to the publishing business. He sums up what he hopes to accomplish as editor-in-chief in seven simple words: "I hope to put out a paper." If only Fred Brennan could say the same.

The other members of the editorial board went into a coma when they heard of Ol' Freddy's pending retirement. When they regained consciousness they decided to retire as well. Replacing that dashing man about town Freeman W. Drury as entertainment editor will be vivacious Laurie Dorosh, also a first year creative communications student. And Murray Pura, a first year creative communications student, succeeds Rooney Palson in the sports department.

Why don't you get in on the fun? There are a few positions still open on the editorial board, but you better hurry cause they're going fast.

eye on the council

The January 10 edition of the student council meeting opened with some discussion as to whether or not a quorum, a voting majority (51 %), was present. Only four sticks and four executive members were on hand at 5 p.m. when the meeting began.

Two more members of council appeared shortly after five to bring the attendance up to 10 — there are supposed to be 28 members on student council. President Gary Novak decided that with the four proxies sent to the meeting there was sufficient attendance for a meeting to be held.

A motion was passed at the meeting to install a second phone in the small office in front of the activities department. The office is presently being used by the Civic Club and the Business Club. The executive, in their infinite wisdom, decided one phone wasn't enough to accommodate the two clubs. The second phone will cost $50.

The activities department announced that a Winter Carnival will be held at the college from February 7 to 10. Folksingers will be appearing at the college every day of the carnival and a dance will be held Friday night during the week of the carnival.

The publications department announced that advertising revenue for the yearbook has increased by 500 per cent since the beginning of Christmas holidays. Publications director Penny Batulla wouldn't tell council what the exact figures were but the Projector has it from a reliable source that advertising revenues before Christmas amounted to only $200.

Council will meet again the first Wednesday in February.

School Starts February 5

	TERM II 8:30 a.m.	TERM IV 10:30 a.m.
All Technology Courses		South (Old) Gym Bldg. A
Operating Engineers		South (Old) Gym Bldg. A
Diploma Nursing		South (Old) Gym Bldg. A
Medical Radiological		South (Old) Gym Bdg. A
Advertising Art		Bldg. F
Creative Communications		F1:12 Bldg. F
Child Care Services		D3:14 Bldg. D
Library Technician		CM: 34 Bldg. C
Business Administration		Model Office Bldg. D
Commercial & Industrial Sales		D2:01 Bldg. D
Computer Analyst/Programmer		Computer Centre Bldg. D
Hotel, Motel & Rest. Management		E3:16 Bldg. E
Secretarial Science		D1:15 Bldg. D

Sticky Fingers Burn

"Quit ripping off the Crazy-Ox" is a message to the students from the manager of the student store, Mel Biggs. It's only going to cost the students more for things through higher prices for these articles if they keep shoplifting from the Crazy-Ox, he said.

Since the Crazy-Ox opened this fall, Mr Biggs said that at least a dozen people have been caught for shoplifting. He said that up until recently, all of the offenders have been let off with a stern warning.

However, last week, a student was caught with approximately $40 worth of merchandise in his jacket pockets. The police had to be called into the matter and the student, a juvenile, will probably be prosecuted.

Mr Biggs said that the students are only hurting themselves through shoplifting because the losses to the store are reflected in costs of the merchandise, and the more losses there are, the higher prices will rise.

So, if students want reasonably priced merchandise at the Crazy-Ox, they should stop shoplifting.

letters

Bravo Projector

Dear Sir:

Congratulations and a hearty thanks from students of the Architectural and Machine Drafting classes and myself for your coverage of the visit to this area of Unemployment Insurance Commission and Manpower officials. (Your article "Money — the Root of Questions" Dec. 13, 1972).

The meeting brought good results for four out of the five students with problems; the outstanding student presently being most optimistic. It sure goes to show that the quickest way to solve the problems these students had was to go "up high". The action we got from Mr Jaques (Manpower) and Mr Crofton (U.I.C.) was tremendous and it proved a point that these organizations have staff who know their business and who really do care about our problems.

So, again, thanks all round — in order of importance:

1) The Projector staff (first in line because the editor so directed).

2) The U.I.C. and Manpower people — David Crofton and Murray Jaques.

Peggy Hunt
Department Head
Drafting

P.S. That one outstanding student has been 'fixed up' now.

Please Care

Dear Sir:

The President of Nicaragua has called upon CARE to assist in providing urgently needed food for 120,000 men, women and children of the stricken city of Managua.

CARE personnel are already on the job under the direction of CARE/Nicaragua's resident director and supplies are being trucked in from warehouses in neighbouring Honduras and Costa Rica.

Medical personnel from the CARE/Medico team stationed in Choluteca Honduras have moved into the hospital in Chinandega to care for the injured and Medico doctors and nurses are ready to receive injured evacuees in Choluteca and Santo Domingo.

Because of the congestion at Managua airport which has already reached serious proportions, Nicaraguan authorities have asked that no more supplies be sent in by air. CARE is not therefore accepting donations of food, clothing, blankets, etc. However, funds are urgently needed for feeding and sheltering the homeless victims and caring for the injured.

Contributions should be sent as soon as possible to the CARE Nicaraguan Earthquake Fund at 63 Sparks St., Ottawa K1P 5A6.

Thomas Kines,
National Director.

Admittedly Mushy

Dear Editors:

Re: your Christmas issue, especially Bloody Christmas, and those touching poems.

Christmas is tinsel, drunkenness, commercialism and all that crap.

So Christmas is really lousy.

Well, maybe it is. But look, it's an example of how we live every day. Every bloody day, all around us, that's the way it is. So, does that mean life is lousy?

What about love? People live in love, every day. Mention that in your Christmas poems. How can you forget that?

And what about giving and sharing? Do we do that somestimes, too? So where's that in your Christmas poems?

It's hip and cool and very in to condemn Christmas. Lordy, lordy, what would everyone think if you came out and said, "Christmas is nice."? Why, they'd all say you're a big suck! Right?

You say Christmas is only paying lip service to ideals that no one lives by? So don't ideals deserve at least a little lip service, if only once a year? Would you have your children believe that ideals went the way of fairies and witches, but they don't have to worry about that sort of thing anymore? Would you have us pack Christmas away among mothballs and history books because it no longer applies?

If we can't even for one single day say, well, we should be good, that's when our society is really sick, not now. Life is great. Christmas is part of that. Christmas is great. So now I'm a suck.

Lois Anderson

Men Are Brothers

December 13, 1972

Dear Sir:

"No man stands so straight as when he stoops to help a fatherless boy."

This is the attitude adopted by the Big Brother Association of Greater Winnipeg. More and more young men in our community are finding out how satisfying and beneficial it can be to serve as a Big Brother.

If you think this sounds like a plug for the Big Brother Association, than you're right! At present, there are over 8,000 fatherless boys in Manitoba between the ages of 8 to 16. There are 300 boys in Winnipeg who are on the waiting list for Big Brothers.

What do you have to do to be a Big Brother? Just come down to the Big Brother Association (1109 Henderson Highway) and apply. If you are over the age of 18, understand and appreciate the art of friendship and can spare about four hours every week, than you can be a Big Brother.

You'll be interviewed and oriented by qualified people who will match you up with the boy that they think would be most compatible to you. But don't expect results right away. Instead, expect that the relationship will be a meaningful friendship that will help fill a void in a young boy's life.

MAKE A NEW FRIEND ——— BECOME A BIG BROTHER!

Big Brother Association

cover story

Grizzly Bare Kicks Off Campus Blue

Grizzly Bare, a group that performed in the South Gym Thursday, Jan. 4, was a fantastic start to the Campus Blue series of concerts that is being featured at Red River Community College.

Wayne Cole who is participating in the promotion of the series, said that Campus Blue is being sponsored by Labatt's because it is their 100th anniversary.

Campus Blue is also being featured at the University of Manitoba and the University of Winnipeg. RRCC is hosting nine of the 26 concerts, which will be running from Jan. 4 through till April 12 of this year.

Other performers in the series are Crawford, Ray St. Germain, and Rick Neufeld.

CKRC radio will be taping the second performance of each of the groups, and the tapings will be broadcast on the station. Each of the concerts will be MC'd by CKRC's Gary Roberts.

The Grizzly Bare concert lasted for an action-packed hour. About 600 students attended, and very few people left during the show.

Grizzly Bare performed songs from the 1950's up till the 1970's. Their songs ranged in style from the Beachboys' "Surfing U.S.A." to Procol Harum's "Whiter Shade of Pale".

At the beginning of their show, lead singer Tom Latta informed the audience that Grizzly Bare usually had a group with them called Grease Slick and the Edsels. He added that they had been finally lucky enough to lose the Edsels, who were "nothing but a bunch of greasers."

About halfway through the concert, the group's members suddenly disappeared offstage, and Gary Roberts of CKRC was left holding the show. Minutes later the group re-appeared as none other than Grease Slick and the Edsels, saying they had beaten up "those other guys for kicking them out of the show." The Edsels performed rock and roll songs, such as Rock Around the Clock and Rockin' Robin. Tom Latta (alias Grease Slick) was sensational. He climbed off the stage and knelt before various girls in the audience, singing "Laverne."

The next group featured in Campus Blue is the group Crawford. This concert will be held on Jan. 16 in the South Gym at noon hour. Let's hope their performance is up to Grizzly Bare's standard!

The group, Grizzly Bare is successful because they demand their audience to participate, and the audience usually does.

Yesterday's Memory

Crawford appeared yesterday at Red River College. They were the second band to appear here in the current Campus BLUE series.

This series of live entertainment is brought to you through the courtesy of the Red River Community College Student Association and Labatt's Manitoba Brewery Limited.

Frames for your every mood from

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225 Vaughan Street
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and

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10% off prescription glasses for all Red River College students with student cards.

A QUICK COURSE IN THE CREDIT UNION CONCEPT

Take a moment. Not only students, but instructors, too.

This quick course in credit unions won't give you credit hours, but it could help you in making an important decision. Where you will save. Where you will borrow. Not just now, but for the rest of your life.

* A credit union is a co-operative non-profit organization. Projected surplusses are returned to the members as dividends, paid on their savings. (So you benefit).

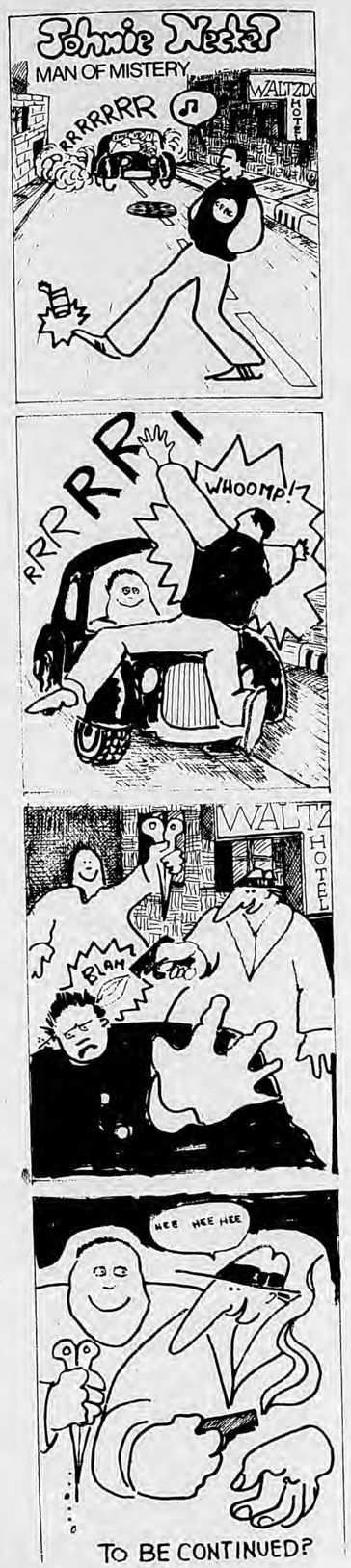
* Every member owns one share in the credit union. As part-owner, he or she has a voice in determining the policy of the organization. (So you own a piece of the action).

* All credit unions' savings and deposits are guaranteed by the Credit Union Stabilization Fund, a government-appointed corporation. (So your money's safe).

* Credit unions offer a full range of financial services to its members. (So you've got a one-stop solution to make all your money matters).

Make the right decision. Then try it out at CO-OPERATORS CREDIT UNION.

CO-OPERATORS CREDIT UNION LIMITED
(Next door to the Crazy Ox)



the college at large

confessions of

A Student Radio Announcer

by Ellen Michie
Announcer for Student Radio

When I started at the student radio station I was sure that it would be non-existent by the end of the term. I was skeptical because things like student radio have been tried before and have failed miserably.

But I was surprised at the very professional way the radio has been set up. It looked like what I thought a "real" radio station should look like. From my limited knowledge of technology, I was most impressed with the equipment we had to work with. There are two turn tables, one on each side of the control console. The entire outfit cost around $1,300, and after a few improvements in the decor were completed, the station took on a whole new appearance.

But the idea of being the only female among the entire crew of male announcers scared me at first. I imagined the comments that would be flying around; and boy there were comments! I shut my ears and waited for the big day. My first show!

I got behind the mike, adjusted my headphones and opened my mouth to speak. I looked at the sound monitor. The needle remained motionless. Where was my voice? Someone quickly switched on a turntable and music boomed over the speakers. I could have died. When I saw the look on the chief announcer's face I wish I had. So did he probably. After numerous threats, I tried again. My voice bellowed across as the needle jumped dangerously into the red zone and clicked against the side of the gauge. I cued up a new record and waited for the last one to end. Feeling some of my confidence might come back I turned all but the right switches. In total panic I turned the switch only to find I had left the rpm's at 45 instead of 33. I was ready to quit, but that's when you have to stick to something if you want to make it work. My hour was finally up. I now could slink out of the station never to return. I WAITED FOR Harv Mock, the chief announcer, to politely tell me to "go away".

"That wasn't bad. Of course you'll have to improve quite a bit before you're as good as me." I realized I had made it. I had gone through what every new announcer has to go through the first time.

There have been rough spots and times when everyone has wanted to quit. We haven't though and that's what counts.

The radio executive works had to maintain a high standard for student radio. The commercials you hear are produced in the station by the radio staff. The record selection is based on what promotional copies we receive and on suggestions from the students.

Although I may never hear the end of this, I must admit my first impressions about the station were wrong. Student Radio is a success and will continue to work as long as the students want it to.

Harv Mock and Ken Rickner in the studios of the RRCC student radio. Harv is the chief announcer, and besides having his own show, Ken is also the record reviewer for the Projector.

on the library

BOOKSHELF

IS THIS YOU TRYING TO KEEP UP WITH THE NEWS!

Then let these do the work for you!

CANADIAN NEWS FACTS
Fact-filled summaries of important events on the Canadian news front. It digests the news and then indexes it alphabetically by subject, people, locations and organizations.

FACTS ON FILE
A weekly classified digest of news arranged under such headings as: World affairs, National affairs, Foreign affairs, Latin America, Finance, Economy, Arts, Science, Education, Religion, Sports, Obituaries, Miscellaneous, etc. This continuously up-dated news service is published in New York.

KEESING'S CONTEMPORARY ARCHIVES
A weekly diary of world events published in Britain. Its news is digested from news agencies and publications from around the world as well as from Government Information Departments.
All of the above together summarize, condense, organize and index more material than you could possibly begin to read — even if you had nothing else to do!

JUST IN!

Forbidden Voice; reflections of a Mohawk Indian, by Alma Greene.

Say What You Mean, by Rudolf Flesch.

Upholstering, by Malcolm Flitman.

Mike; The Memoirs of the Rt. Hon. Lester B. Pearson.

Three Sacred Cows of Economics, by Alex Rubner.

Honest Ed's Story; The Crazy Rags to Riches Story of Ed Mirvish, by Jack Batten.

Direct Mail and Direct Response Promotion, by Christian Brann.

Meany; The Unchallenged strong Man of American Labor, by Joseph C. Goulden.

Youth, Humanism, and Technology, by Kevin D. Kelly.

Let Them Live; A Worldwide Survey of Animals Threatened with Extinction by Kai Curry-Lindall.

Supergirls; The Autobiography of an Outrageous Business, by Claudia Jessup and Genie Chipps.

Koperno Gets The Gate

The clamour raised over the dismissal of Mike Koperno, social science instructor at RRCC has come and gone like a crack of lightning in a midnight sky. We see a disappointed but resigned Mike Koperno leaving RRCC on January 26.

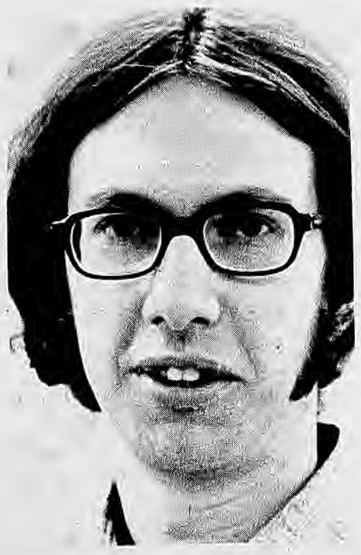
The final general faculty meeting held before Christmas discussed whether faculty members would carry on the fight to keep Koperno at RRCC. It was decided by a large majority of Mr Koperno's initial supporters to abandon his cause. When it came down to the nitty-gritty, the actual personal commitment by individual teachers to fight an unfair administration decision, they backed down.

Abandoned, alone, disappointed like the protagonist in Franz Kafka's "The Trial" who doesn't really know why he's on trial, Koperno was dismissed by the administration from his teaching post at RRCC. The reasons given by the administration for Koperno's dismissal, that he was the junior man, and that there was inadequate work for him, did not explain why he was the only instructor let go. True, he was the junior man on staff, but the "inadequate work load" excuse didn't hold water and the teachers protested. Now they feel it isn't worth the trouble.

Mike Koperno stated he was disappointed by the lack of support from his fellow collegues during the final hour of his plight. Their action, he pointed out, would only let the administration know that they can, in the future, dismiss any faculty member they wish with absolute immunity.

"However," sighed Mr Koperno, "the entire affair was not a complete loss. At least now there exists a 'forced sensitivity' between the faculty members and the administration." The initial opposition by faculty members to Koperno's dismissal has shown the need for closer communication between teachers and the administration, if only to stave off further rabble rousing by the underlings. Such protests prove embarrassing when they reach the attention of the minister of education.

Mike Koperno admitted that challenging his dismissal would probably hurt his teaching career in Manitoba. Without alternative job prospects, Mike Koperno will shuffle from RRCC for the last time on January 26. If you see him standing in your bread line, wave, show him that he is still remembered. It could happen to any teacher.



Students Pass $1000.00 In Bad Cheques At RRCC

Personal cheques of non-members will no longer be cashed by the Co-operative credit union on campus. NSF cheques valued at $1.000 have been cashed by the Co-op over the past year, making this action on the part of the credit union necessary.

"No one can stay in business if they lose money," stated Walter Heizelmann, manager of the Co-op at RRCC. "We can't be liberal with our funds as they belong to our members, not us."

The personal cheque-cashing service has been a special non-profit service offered to RRCC students. The service goes against basic credit union policy but the rules were waived for the students' convenience. Some have taken unfair advantage of the service and ruined it for others.

"It has been a very, very bad experience and we have lost a considerable amount of money," said Mr Heizelmann.

Some students, added Mr Heizelmann, are getting up a petition to pressure him into keeping the personal cheque-cashing service.

"It won't change my opinion as the petition won't help me collect for the NSF cheques," he said. "I will explain our position in my office to any student who questions my decision."

Mr Heizelmann explained that the Co-op credit union on campus was started as an experiment in advertising the advantages of credit unions to young people. His office is a non-profit organization and is subsidized by other residential branches of the Co-op credit union.

A long-range payoff of the campus office was planned. It was hoped that many students would recognize and use the financial advantages of credit unions over banks after they left school. Mr Heizelmann estimated that 25 per cent of RRCC students will have dealings with credit unions later in life.

"Credit unions offer a more personal service to their customers than banks do," said Mr Heizelmann. "The five dollar membership fee entitles our members to attend the annual Co-op meetings and raise all the hell they want to if they don't like the way things are run."

Heizelmann also pointed out that the six per cent interest rate on the monthly balance in credit union savings accounts is higher than the normal bank interest rate.

"There is no real reason for the present NSF cheque situation," commented Mr Heizelmann. Students can transfer money from anywhere in Manitoba into the campus credit union at no cost, he explained. Authorization forms are available at the Co-op office for this transfer. The process takes about a week or less.

Banks holding the funds of students wishing to cash personal cheques at the Co-op credit union refuse to hold the student's money to cover the value of the cheque. Thus the credit union has no guarantee of funds to cover the cheque they are cashing.

All credit unions in Canada are linked. A member of the Co-op credit union can call into any credit union in Canada while travelling to get needed funds.

"We'll even hold funds for our MEMBERS FOR ANY BANK (which they refuse to do for credit unions) that asks us to," said Mr Heizelmann.

Youth Secretary Opens Travel Bureau

A Travel Exchange Bureau to assist young people interested in travel within the province, across the country, or international student exchanges has been opened at 1181 Portage Ave. by the Department of College and University Affairs.

The bureau will be responsible for co-ordinating federal-provincial travel programs, assisting in-province travel programs but its main emphasis will be to produce informational material relating to travel opportunities, and answering inquiries from young people and school personnel, Mr Miller said.

One of the federal-provincial travel programs which the bureau is co-ordinating is the Young Voyageur exchange visits for high school students. This winter groups of students from seven schools throughout Manitoba will make exchange visits with students from other parts of Canada.

Inter-provincial travel expenses are paid by the federal government, while the province assumes responsibility for costs and arrangements for the visitors while they are here.

"There is a possibility that other types of cost-shared programs may be introduced in the future," Mr Miller said.

The bureau also assists young Manitobans in planning and financing travel projects within the province, he added. An allocation of $15,000 has been made to make small grants on a needs basis to assist with transportation costs for field trips, study tours or other educational trips within the province organized by young people.

"We want to encourage our young people to get to know their province, and to emphasize north-south travel rather than the usual east-west trips," Mr Miller explained. "We are hoping that the young people will not only have an opportunity to gain factual information about the history, geography and economy, but will learn to appreciate current social problems throughout Manitoba through personal contact with people outside their own communities."

Applications for federal travel grants as well as forms and information on grants offered by the federal government and other organizations are available at the bureau. In addition a brochure on in-province travel and a booklet of general information on travel is being prepared and will be distributed to schools throughout the province.

"For example, a representative of a high school class planning a Christmas trip to Barcelona called for information," Mr Miller explained. "The bureau was able to find an expert on Spain to brief the class on what to expect, and how to make the most of their opportunity to learn something about another country and way of life."

Further information on the services available may be obtained from the Travel Exchange Bureau, Youth Secretariat, Room 512B, 1181 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3C 0V8.

periscope

by Bill Orlikow

To "oversleep" means one has committed a minor crime. It means he was awakened normally as human beings should, instead of being forced awake by mechanical contrivances.

Why is it a crime? Because awakening naturally probably means you're late for work. The only way you get to work on times is through being awakened unnaturally by radio or strident alarm clock. Thanks to our fine civilization's great working hours, humans aren't allowed to complete a natural slumber and awaken when the body is ready. Instead they are usually jolted from sleep by a noise.

Some of us become used to this noise. Soon we no longer need it; we awaken through conditioned response even though we should not.

If there were no alarms or conditioned responses, everyone or at least a majority, would probably wake up about 7:30 - 9:30 a.m. Which today, of course, means you're late for work (the worst four-letter word). If you say right now "Oh well, I wake up normally about 6:30 or 7:00", you're wrong. You wake up naturally, so you think. But it's conditioned. You shouldn't be awake so early. That is unless you retire very early. And people aren't made to retire in early evening.

So remember that "oversleep" means waking up when your body says you're ready. Blame the "minor crime" angle on today's ridiculous working hours and our need to do and take as much as we can in the world, even if it means daily discomfort for all.

Girdle: (Or How To Keep It In)

Here's a short review of the girdle: The girdle allows overweight women to fool themselves into thinking nothing is amiss. Example: Mary's figure is beginning to sag.

Solution: A girdle that braces her up and makes her look several pounds lighter.

Foolishness: Why bother trying to get into shape? Mary's girdle does that for her. Why exercise and eat less to remove the poundage? The girdle saves Mary the trouble.

A certain commercial shows some woman standing in front of the full-length mirror. Her figure is out of control! Does she do something about it? Of course! She hides it beneath a girdle! Now everything is all right and she'll live happily ever after!

Girdles are foolish and damn ridiculous. They're lies. They're phony substitutes for most females who could have good figures if they wanted to put forth some effort. Girls, if your figure is getting out of control then work to get back into shape. But don't wear a girdle and lie to yourself. It ain't worth it.

"Busing"

Talking with Rob Knight (our former president) some days ago, I discovered we have a common, passionate hatred of anything to do with Metro Transit.

We decided buses are a kin to pigs and slugs. Firstly, take a good look at the rear end of the older models, you know, the ones with two, small separated windows, and see what it reminds you of. All that's needed is a little curly tail.

The slug angle comes from the speed at which buses usually travel. At least, we've never been on one that broke the sound barrier.

And aren't buses fun?!! Summer, 80 degrees. Window won't open. Bell ropes that pull — without a sound. Overcrowding (naturally). Waiting through green lights.

Remember the signs that said something like "if you're on the go and in a rush. . ." or that real shocker "All the smarter people take a bus". The smarter people have money for cars, cabs, parking. And those smarter people forced to bus it know what they're getting into, and wait for the chance to make it successfully and rid themselves of the dreariness of bus rides. Ah well, life isn't all peaches and cream. But nobody told me it had to include buses.

The BBC: Super TV In The U.K.

by Tom Brom
Alternative Features Service

Television viewers in the U.S. who have watched in sadness the withering of public TV over the past four years have also been witness to a virtual flood of British programming. Brought through the aggressive distribution of the Time/Live organization, Sir Kenneth Clark's "Civilization", "The Forsyte Saga", "The Spoils of Poynton", "The Six Wives of Henry VIII", and now "War and Peace" have filled vast schedule gaps, forced on PTV when Nixon dried up the money. Surprisingly, the British programming is of uniformly excellent quality, and people watch it.

The product that has been imported, however, is not all of British television. It's a selection of the very best omnibus productions of "BBC 2", the cultural network of the government. Every telly in Great Britain also carries "BBC 1", described by the British as "light entertainment", and the commercial ITV network.

Selecting a program isn't quite like channel-flipping the U.S., though. BBC 2 is uniformly erudite, carrying drama to classroom instruction and news programming. While it is often extremely good by any standard, when it is bad, the programming drips pomposity. News discussion shows and interview sessions can be interminable — the British do not hold programming to half - hour scheduling, but videotape as long as it takes.

Most British productions are in fact videotaped. England has no institutionalized and floundering Hollywood film industry to support, and so produces programs more economically than the U.S. (Videotape is said to lessen the syndication and international residual value of the programming, a prime interest of commercial U.S. television).

The documentary units of the BBC are an exception to both of these characteristics: programs are filmed, and many have been widely distributed abroad. They are produced weekly and are obviously well-financed. "The Block", investigating the cycle of poverty in London's Southwark district, "Tolstoy", "Shoals of Herring", and a biography of the Japanese filmmaker Kurasawa all appeared within two weeks — a year's production for any U.S. network with its eye on the ratings. With the addition of the uniformly superb Granada "World in Action" documentaries shown on ITV, the British are treated to the very best of the documentary art.

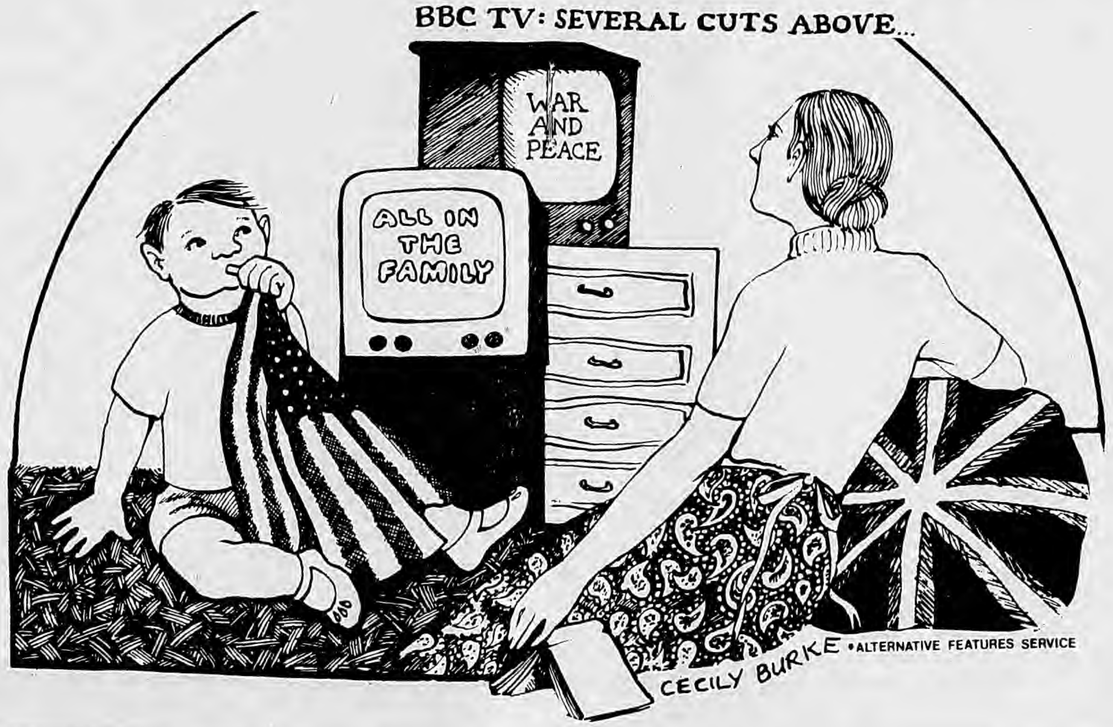
BBC 1 and ITV are programmed much more for the working class. Relics from traditional British music hall comedy appear on both networks, such as "The Two Ronnies" and "Sykes". It is generally slapstick and embarrassing, much as Milton Berle might appear today. Soccer matches are ever-present, especially the ritual Saturday night "double-header", taped from the countless contests that day.

American movies, naturally, are a staple of both government and commercial networks. Video drama of the more mundane sort is also surprisingly popular, taking the place of the American western or detective serial. And in many of the BBC 1 drams, sex is portrayed openly and graphically, much as violence is portrayed on U.S. television. "The Loser", a bedroom comedy that included scenes of nudity and jokes about impotence when the "hero" is faced with two women in bed at once, would have been R-rated for U.S. movie-houses, and untouchable for our Tube.

"Until Death Us Do Part", the prototype for "All in the Family", is back on BBC 1 for a second series. The differences between the British programs and the U.S. version are profound, though the bigotry remains the same. Alf Garnett is a cockney, and proud of it. He identifies with the working class and its interests, and japes continuously at the government in general, the Irish, and of course, blacks and Asians. By comparison, Archie Bunker is just a bumbler, a bigotted Dagwood who is naively reactionary rather than conscious of his class position.

The most bizarre programming on BBC 1 lets you know the government owns it, and can do what it wants with it. "Police 5" describes real unsolved cases from the Metroplitan Police files, including reinacted scenes on location and a lurid narration. Anyone witnessing the crime or knowing any suspects is instructed to call police numbers. "Junior Police 5" is a Saturday morning show mixed in with the cartoons. It describes less violent crimes like hijacking, following the stolen truck's route around the streets of London and soliciting information from anyone who might have seen it. At the end of the show, license numbers from stolen cars are flashed on the screen for the kiddies to copy.

Despite "Police 5", the BBC and ITV programming maintains a production quality and an intellectual level several cuts above the usual U.S. fare. BBC 1 programming is directed specifically at the working class audience, yet still includes many more current events and investigative documentaries than CBS at its best. Even on the commercial ITV, television is regarded as much more than an electronic marketing arm. That perspective makes all the difference.



Hoping for your name on the door someday?

Name on the door! Carpet on the floor! It can happen to you. Just keep your nose to the flintstone — keep sparking with those bright ideas. Meanwhile, consider a really brilliant idea from your New York Life Representative. It's modern life insurance for college students. It offers excellent protection now for the benefit of your parents and, later on, for the family you'll have. What's more, this life insurance can provide the ready cash (no questions asked) you may one day need to convert one of your bright ideas into a going business. Speak with your New York Life Representative before the term ends! There's no obligation, and someday you will be glad you did!

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manpower notes

To date, a number of companies have signified their intention of sending company representatives on campus during February, March and April to interview prospective graduates for positions beginning in July and August. This year, a number of these companies have asked that applications and resumes be sent to them three weeks in advance of their interviews. They will screen these applications and inform us who they wish to see at the college.

It is important that prospective graduates from all two-year programs who wish Manpower assistance, register with our office before **February 1.**

For the prospective graduates of the one-year programs, we would like to have you register with our office before **March 1** as employers usually recruit in April and May for those students.

If you are writing companies about job opportunities, it is advisable to attach a list of your courses, because other provinces do not have the same curricula as we do and the personnel officers may not be familiar with your courses. It is a good idea, also, to enclose a resume with your past-work history for the summers, whether it be related work or not. Most employers are interested in knowing if you have worked with people — if you have earned any money to assist with your education.

REMEMBER! We sell our graduates as intelligent, alert adults — don't let us down.

Students Seeking Part-Time Employment — Please watch the bulletin boards. Our request from employers do not give us enough lead time to advertise in the Projector or even to call the students at home in the evening. They usually require help the same day they call, so the bulletin boards are our most effective way of contacting the students.

The following companies, to date, have scheduled to recruit on campus.

Zellers
Canada Packers
Woolworths
Royal Bank of Canada
Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce
Kresges
Clarkson Gordon
I.A.C.
Bank of Montreal
Dun & Bradstreet
Canadian General Electric
MacLeods
Bank of Nova Scotia
New York Life
Metropolitan Life
Dept. of Mines, Resources and Env. Control
Toronto Dominion Bank

The Bank of Montreal and the Canadian Bank of Commerce have asked for applications to be sent prior to interviews. Please pick up your applications **now** if you are interested in working for a chartered bank.

Interviews with the companies will be scheduled two weeks in advance of companies coming on-campus.

Please watch the bulletin boards and read the Projector for recruiting dates.

BACKSTAGE

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projector scope

artist of life

He always wanted to explain things
but no one cared
so he drew.
Sometimes he would draw and it wasn't anything.
He wanted to carve it in stone or write it in the sky.
He would lie in the grass and look up at the sky
and it would be only the sky and him and the things inside him that needed saying.
And it was after that he drew the picture.
It was a beautiful picture.
He kept it under his pillow and would let no one see it
and he would look at it every night and think about it,
and when it was dark and his eyes were closed, he could still see it.
And it was all of him.
And he loved it.
When he started school he brought it with him
not to show anyone, but just to have it with him like a friend.
It was funny about school.
He sat in a square brown desk
like all the other square brown desks
and he thought it should be red.
He sat in a square brown room
Like all the other rooms
and it was tight and close
and stiff.
He hated to hold the pencil and chalk
with his arm stiff and his feet flat on the floor.
Stiff.
With the teacher watching and watching,
The teacher came and spoke to him.
She told him to wear a tie like all the other boys.
He said he didn't like them.
And she said it didn't matter!
After that they drew
And he drew all yellow and it was the way he felt about morning
and it was beautiful.
The teacher came and smiled at him.
"What's this?" she said. "Why don't you draw something like Ken's drawing?"
Isn't that beautiful?
After that his mother bought him a tie
and he always drew airplanes and rocket ships like everyone else.
And he threw the old picture away.
And when he lay out alone looking at the sky
it was big and blue and all of everything.
But he wasn't anymore.
He was square inside.
And brown.
And his hands were stiff.
And he was like everyone else.
And the things inside him that needed saying didn't need them anymore.
It had stopped pushing.
It was crushed.
Stiff.
Like everything else.

by Pearl Benyk

We've all heard the lament countless times. Inflation's terrible! A dollar sure isn't worth anything anymore! What can you get for $920 these days? Hey, wait! Maybe things aren't so bad after all. Looking close to home I notice that for $920 you can get four student association members to work during the Christmas and mid-term breaks. Council voted 12 to four in favour of paying Jim Rouse, Public Relations Director, Penny Batulla, Publications Director, Barry Twerdun, Sports Director, and Paul Fogg, the Activities Director $115 a week to work during these two breaks. But you say that's a lot of money to pay them for doing what they got elected to do on the understanding that they would do it for no pay? Ah, yes, but you know, it's inflation and all that.

A Kind of Serious Joke — I join Dave Robertson, a member of the Civil Club, in thinking the present situation with regard to school clubs is a kind of serious joke. And the joke's on the Student Association. A club, after it has paid a $25 fee which registers it with the Student Association as being a school club, has no financial responsibility. The Student Association takes over responsibility and pays up if the club should go into the red because of mismanagement or embezzelment of funds or whatever. In return for this freedom from responsibility the club is obliged to turn its books in to the Student Association after every major event for inspection.

So Why Worry? Why Work? So a club decides to put on an event. A good example is the draw for a trip for two to Acapulco held by the Civil Club. The club decided to hold the draw. The prize would be worth about $800. Then to sell the tickets. It was all well planned: one person to be in charge of first year members selling tickets, one person in charge of second year members selling tickets, and one person in charge of selling tickets from booths and tables about the college. The first two people worked out as fine as is to be expected, taking into account the apathy which is as rampant here as it is anywhere else in the school. But the third person didn't have as much success. He couldn't get anyone to man the booths and so the whole thing was left to slide, with the result that no tickets were sold from booths. You had to get them from Civil Club members, or from the S.A. or not at all.

Are Posters Really Necessary? It was decided that advertising on the radio station would be enough, that it wasn't necessary to make posters. And after a while it was thought there had been enough radio advertising and that was stopped too. But not everyone heard about the draw, and the one poster down by the Crazy Ox did about as much as one poster can do to inform the students where to get tickets, and that wasn't much. Then some of ticket sellers didn't hustle as hard as they should have, and the end result is that far fewer tickets were sold than was hoped.

No Worrying — But not to worry, the student association is responsible anyway. Luckily for us in this instance the club has enough funds to cover the trip, no matter how few tickets are sold. But that situation need not always be so. It is perfectly easy to imagine a club putting on an event without sufficient funds to cover it should it flop. Dave Robertson thinks, that each club should be financially responsible for its own functions. If the responsibility were placed squarely on the shoulders of the members of the executives of the clubs you would find them hustling, selling tickets, getting things done, because if they did not they just might find themselves out some money. It's called incentive.

Who Is Running Hockey?

by Sports Editor, Rod Palson

The big talk in the sporting circles at the present time is the poor calibre of hockey displayed in the first annual WHA all-star game. Maybe the game wasn't all that exciting, or spectacular with regard to dazzling playmaking, but what all-star game is? I can't recall ever watching an NHL all-star game that was overly entertaining.

The NHL bureaucrats were just waiting for this chance to condemn the WHA, because they are getting worried. And, do you want to know why?? Because the WHA has been double the success the NHL ever expected them to be. I'll give you an example.

On Sunday, Jan. 7 two of the cable networks carried a professional hockey game. One network broadcasted the NHL Boston-Chicago game and the other carried the WHA Winnipeg-Minnesota contest. For anyone who watched both games, it was obvious that the WHA game was just as exciting and entertaining as the NHL's, from a 'hockey' standpoint. There was one area, however, where the NHL had it all over the fledgling WHA. That was in the actual broadcasting. The NHL play-by-play and color commentators are far more exciting than those in the WHA. The WHA commentators failed to get the 'folks at home' (as we are dubiously called) involved in the game. But, this is a minor problem, which I am sure the boys will overcome before the end of the first season. And, what we are interested in is hockey. That's where the WHA excelled.

Now, let's get back to the business of what the NHL calls 'WHA interference'. They claim the WHA is lowering the degree of proficiency in professional hockey. They charge the WHA with bringing in players who would not have graduated from the semi-pro ranks. Well, perhaps so. But, stop a second and consider the number of players who jumped to the WHA from the NHL. If they expected the WHA to be such a lower class of hockey, do you think they would have made the big move? I doubt it. The reason they left, is simply because they were not receiving the recognition they were worthy of in the screwed up NHL system.

Let's take one team for example — the California Golden Seals. This team lost 11 players to the WHA this season. Four of these players were chosen for the WHA all-star team — an honour they never knew in the NHL. These guys were nothings. Now, they are making it, because they made the move to the WHA.

And, if you think I am feeding you a bunch of crap, allow me to quote an ex-California Golden Seal — Gerry Pinder. Pinder is now a popular, high-scoring forward with the WHA Cleveland Crusaders. Last week the Canadian Press ran a story on him in the Winnipeg Tribune. Pinder stated that he left California because of the under-the-table dealings made in contract negotiations. He said he and his teammates were promised exorbitant salaries, and when it came down to the wire, owner Charles O. Finley never came through with the money. This, he said, was the reason so many Seals left California, and headed for various WHA teams.

Pinder went on to say that "California once had a future". The team was loaded with youngsters — good youngsters and now they are once again in the NHL's West Division cellar.

"I'm glad I made the move," Pinder said. "Those guys that are still there must be going out of their minds. Last year, that team had a future, but where is it now? In the other league!"

In case you're wondering, the other league referred to in that statement by Pinder is the WHA. California did have a future. Now most of what they had is gone to the WHA. The players who are still hanging around in California are probably sorry they didn't leave too. At least, that is the impression one gets watching the Seals in action this season. The whole team is lifeless. They look bored, uninterested and miserable. And this is disgusting to see, especially when some of these guys used to be junior super-stars, destined for stardom in the NHL.

One example is Reg Leach. A former Flin Flon Bomber, Manitoba born and bred, Leach is one of the remaining few who still believed that California had a future. Now, he and the rest of his teammates obviously know what the team is doomed for. And it's a ruddy shame. Leach was a super-star. He still holds the goals WCHL scored in one season record, he was the third draft choice in 1970, right behind Gil Perreault and Dale Talon, and where is he now? He's sobbing in the West Division cellar with the rest of the unfortunate Golden Seals, who were dedicated enough to return to that team, and pass up an impressive salary and a chance to prove themselves in the WHA.

So, who's ruining hockey? Think about it, the next time you read some NHL sports oriented story, condemning the WHA. If the WHA is a degradation to professional hockey, what the hell is the NHL's California Golden Seals?

Rebels Close Gap In Voyageur Tourney

by Guy Pickell

Red River Rebels upset Brandon Bobcats 5-3 Saturday night at Charleswood Arena in Voyageur Tournament hockey action. The win gives Red River a three win, five loss slate in the tourney, designed to determine the school's bid to play in the Great Plains Athletic Conference next year.

A hard fought struggle that saw 62 minutes in penalties dished out, the contest was marred by a scrap at the end of the second period, that resulted in four ejections and the suspension of a referee from further university games.

As the Rebels' Don Snyder and Brandon's Bob Buchy were engaging in fisticuffs, ref Earl Ormshaw tried to keep the Brandon players away from the skirmish as they headed across the ice to the dressing room. As he pushed the 'Cats from the fight, Ormshaw was greeted with an overturned cold water bottle over his face, an obscenity-yelling Doug Gillies and a coach who came very close to punching 'Ormy' in the mouth.

Brandon claimed they were being shafted by Ormshaw, but the penalties show RR received 11 minors to BU's ten. The suspension of Ormshaw by the Manitoba Amateur Hockey Association appears engineered by Brandon coach Wayne Davies, who was ejected from the game for talking or more accurately, swearing. At press time, there was a possibility Ormshaw's suspension from whistling university action would be lifted. After all, Ormshaw is a respected veteran official, and a familiar sight at Western Canada Hockey League games in Winnipeg.

Almost lost in the shuffle was the fine work displayed by Red River's potent power-play, which scored four times with 'Cats in the sin bin. Blueliner Barry Grundy rifled a pair of goals, with singles going to Mike Lane, Glenn Lawrence and Ron Dundas.

Dundas' tally came with 43 seconds on the clock, a Rebel in the penalty box, and the Brandon goalie pulled. Thus, it was six attackers against four. But Dundas neatly picked off a stray Brandon pass at his own blueline, dipsy-doodled over centre, and using Lawrence as a decoy, flipped a soft wrist shot into the Brandon cage.

Brandon's Buchy netted two goals before going astray, while Terry Wikstrom added a third period marker on a picture play in front of the Rebel goal.

The shots were 35-33 in Brandon's favour. Dennis Bernuy of Red River and Buzz Bradley of Brandon were superb between the pipes. Bradley even got into the scoring act, assisting on one of Buchy's efforts. Final score again: Rebs 5, Bobcats 3.

Flag Football At RRCC?

Word has it that plans are being made for the formation of a tackle football team at Red River. At present, nothing is final, and it is not known when the team could be organized, but it is a start.

In forming a team of this nature, there are a number of things which must be taken into consideration. There's the problem of money, of course, so the group leading the movement will likely be looking for kind and generous donations. Another condition is facilities. RRCC has no facilities whatsoever needed to house a tackle football team. So, a field, a clubhouse, dressing rooms, bleachers, scoreboard, etc. are all needed.

The one area where RRCC is relavely stable, however, is in the instructional capacity. At present, two ex-CFL football stars are employed at the college as instructors. So, coaching should be no problem, as one of these men has already offered his services.

Tackle football is still a dream, and it will take a lot of time, work and money to get it off the ground. It may be a long while before flag football is a reality at Red River, but if you're interested, keep your ears open. All interested help will be gratefully accepted.

Tomasson And Co. Fight For Zone Championship

Leona Tomasson is quickly advancing her RRCC girls curling foursome of Donna McKinnon, Elaine Kaye and Donna Arbuckle to the Manitoba Junior Girls provincial curling playdowns.

The Tomasson foursome need win only one more game and they'll be bound for Neepawa to participate in the provincials on January 26.

The girls could have wrapped up the zone finals (their last step before reaching provincials) last week, but suffered a slim 10-9 loss to Janet Walker's Elmwood team. Tomasson was one up going into the last end, but a few misses on her team's part, and a beautiful shot by Walker on her last shot of the game, gave her two points, and all she needed to clinch the victory.

By the time this paper is out Tomasson will have played Walker again for the zone championship. If she won it, she'll be competing in Neepawa for the provincial crown at the end of this month. Good luck girls and we wish you the best in future competitions.

Rooney's Rebels Of The Week

GARY HANSON: The guy who has deserved honorable mention in almost every game played this season, finally excelled above everybody else, against the Brandon 'U' Bobcats Saturday, Jan. 6. "Hannie" played a superb game of all-out aggressiveness, especially in the penalty killing department, staving off some potent Bobcat power-play attacks. This proved to be an important factor in the win, as the Bobcats came very close to tying the score in the dying minutes of the game.

DON GRIFFIN: "Griff" — the guy who hasn't seen an abundance of ice time this year, but has contributed more than his share every time he got the chance, played a great game against Brandon 'U' Bobcats. Besides scoring one goal, Griff played a solid game of hard, back and forth skating along the boards, picking up passes and intercepting stray pucks. His play was a great asset to this all important win.

short circus

by Fred "Mag Dog" Dawkins

I see a new Editor-in-Chief has been chosen for the Projector. The new man is a first-term Creative Communications student (naturally) who doesn't know any better. Actually that's a bit unfair — everyone has the right to drive himself insane any way he chooses.

I suppose Tim Haverluck, the new editor, will want to follow in Fred Brennan's footsteps, although I fail to see why anyone else would want to wander aimlessly through the halls. When Tim takes over he'll have big shoes to fill, mostly because Fred likes to wear two extra pairs of socks to keep his feet warm while he skulks around the parking lot, pulling out people's plugs.

Don't cry, though, because I'm sure Fred will be back next year, to help Tim with the weighty problems editors often have. How do I know Fred will be back? Well, one of his instructors owes me a favor, you see, and. . .

Speaking of people who skulk around parking lots, I saw an unusual gathering in the 2W lot the other day. I had just parked my car and was on my way to class when I noticed about a dozen guys standing around, talking loudly and making violent gestures — sort of like the lynch mobs you see on late-night cowboy movies.

Since I have an inquisitive, journalistic mind (not to mention a big nose), I decided to go over and see what the commotion was about. As I came closer I could hear their conversation. . .

"We gotta take things into our own hands. The law ain't gonna help us.

"Yeah! I say we string 'em up when we catch 'em. Them mangy critters don't deserve anything else."

I was amazed. It really was a lynch mob scene, just like an old Gary Cooper movie. I looked around for the movie cameras, but couldn't see any, except for a few Photo students taking close-ups of dogshit. Then one member of the lynch mob spoke up — it was the Peacemaker. There has to be a Peacemaker in every lynch scene.

"But wait a minute. You can't hang somebody just for pulling plugs out!"

"Oh no?" said one of the others. "Then you tell me — what kind of man would go around on a cold winter day, pulling out people's extension cords so their car freezes up? It's inhuman. It's worse than horse-stealing ever was."

"Yeah," said another. "A guy could freeze to death out here. I should know, I froze to death twice this week."

So it went. I was hoping there would be a hanging, since I hadn't seen a lynching since high school. But, alas, the Peacemaker prevailed, and the mob forgot about the idea. When I left them to go to class, they were talking about shotguns and electric fences.

I just hope they don't catch Fred Brennan. . . at least, not until this issue is out.

Since New Year's is the time for resolutions, I figured I'd make a few for this column. What this column needs, I decided, is a little more drama, a little more culture, a little more social significance. Actually, what this column needs is a better writer, but let's not get into that.

I guess there's no time like the present, so starting today, I'll give you a little more drama, a little more culture, and a little more social significance. Here goes:

Drama Dept.

Armand watched his wife from the doorway. His manner was casual, but his eyes smoldered with a deep, unnamed passion.

"I suppose you know what I'm here for," he said.

She stared at him, unable to move or speak, paralyzed by her whirling emotions. She could feel sweat beginning to form on her brow. The room was absolutely still, and she was sure he could hear her pounding heart.

Thumpa thump. Thump thump.

The seconds dragged by. It seemed an eternity. Then, just as she was beginning to feel faint from the pressure of waiting, the clock struck once.

Bong.

He spoke.

"The paper boy is here. I need change for a twenty."

She fainted.

Culture Dept.

Ravioli's last, and greatest opera, "Le Gros Couchon", was performed in front of a packed house last night at the Met in Fergus Falls, Minnesota. It was terrible — nobody could understand the words, and the oboe was too loud.

Social Significance Dept.

Today's socio-political slogan is: "Women should be kept barefoot, pregnant and in the garage."

BACKSTAGE

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entertainment

movies

Killer River

Deliverance
directed by John Boorman
starring John Voight

This was a weekend they didn't play golf. No. They wanted to beat the river. And if **Deliverance** hadn't started with Burt Reynolds bemoaning the ecology that was soon to be upset by damming the river, then the film would have followed its own terrorizing theme on through the rapids and onto its quiet almost lull at the end.

But it didn't. And so the film supposedly starts you into the world of pollution and dead rivers and the hell the world really is, as seen through the eyes of city-bred bush-man, Burt Reynolds.

That theme is strangely, quickly dropped — which is good and would have been better if never had it even begun. Because the film is now left to watch Jon Voght, the first city-man, not bush-man; Rodney Cox, dreamy, city guitar player; and the mouthy, sloopy city-salesman, Ned Beatty, try to beat the river.

They wind on through jumping, screaming rapids, wall cliffs and into their quiet first night camp. All stays cool and some get drunk and they're back on the river in the morning. And nothing could be quieter till Reynolds kills a mountain man. He's dead and they don't hold a nice, white blanket in front of the camera like they always did in Ben Casey and Mod Squad.

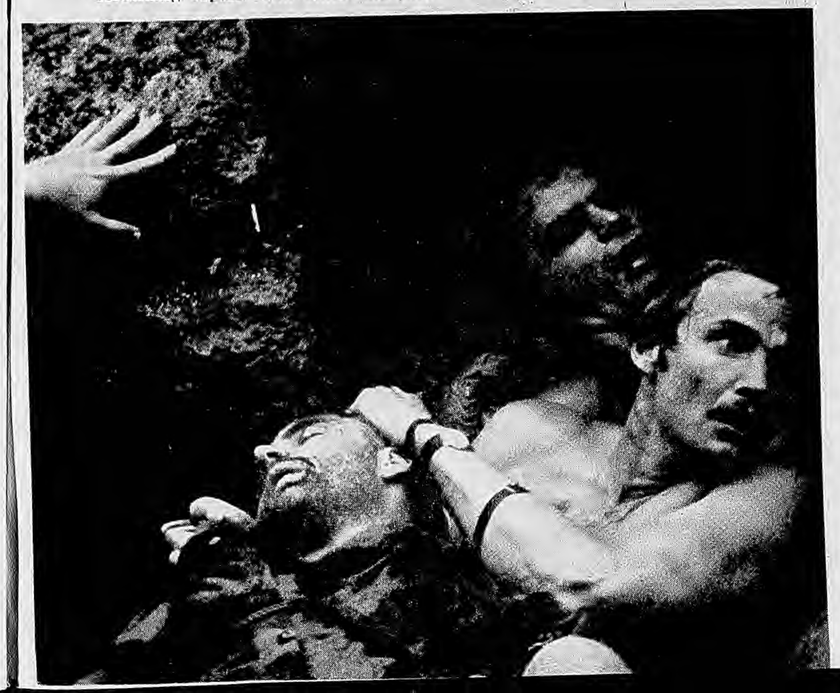
And there's more — a leg that's not nicely broken, but sticking out through Reynold's cloth pants; and the guitarist's shoulder that's thoroughly dislocated.

But this is exactly what makes **Deliverance** the power that it is. The violence, the horror, the death, change a flippant salesman and a successful, lost Voight into two people who finally see their animal past in something other than an encyclopedia photograph.

Reynolds, when he's not into an ecological monologue, probably even believes in the role that he plays. It's just too bad that that role is so obviously stock written.

Cox doesn't live long, but his character dies believably. Beatty is real middle-America and he plays it to the end when he says he wants to forget the whole thing ever happened.

Voight has finally lost the midnight cowboy image and has become so very real as the guy who learns that anyone will kill when there's no judge and no police around to kill a killer for you.



The horror of deliverance

'My Early Life'

Young Winston
directed by Richard Attenborough

Few but the Germans hated Winston Leonard Spencer-Churchill and few but children haters and dog kickers will hate **Young Winston.** There's nothing there to hate.

After all, it's a delightful story based on the prime minister's own "My Early Years", and the film obediently follows young Winston (Simon Ward) through his beatings at school, his medal hunting as a soldier and his beginnings in parliament. It manages all this as nicely as most other films about England's beloved monarchy — with a good deal of taste and equally devout sense of censorship.

Young Winston at war.

The film is probably a totally accurate account of Churchill's early life, his emotions, his experiences — but only as far as this glowing story goes. It's almost impossible, certainly improbable that anyone, even Churchill, survived his playing at war so perfectly splendidly.

But then that's the way Director Attenborough wants us to see Churchill's early life — through his tinted lenses. Which brings to mind that I didn't know that obviously blurred lenses were still being used to soften up the image of an already soft and beautiful Lady Jennie Churchill (Anne Bancroft).

The intensely close relationship between Winston and his mother (which is fully developed by Ward and Bancroft) is one of the reasons, if you need a reason, to see the film. The other is almost no reason, but there is very little family entertainment in the city, and that is one thing **Young Winston** is.

theatre

The Starving Mantis

Hedda Gabler directed by Edward Gilbert appearing at MTC

Hedda Gabler, Manitoba Theatre Centre's latest production, is a "classic European drama" which deals with the problems of the rising bourgoisie in the 19th century. Hedda Gabler, the main character in the play, finds herself in a largely self-made trap of domesticity with a dull but reliable husband. The trap extends far beyond her household, though, to the social system of which she is a part. She wants some excitement and tries to achieve it by controlling her external environment, by manipulating people around her. She does succeed for a while but eventually the trap looms twice as large when she finds she is being manipulated rather than being the manipulator. (Women's liberation could probably really get into poor Hedda's cause, but they'd only be half right.)

The play opens in a fashionable 19th century drawing-room, the perfect metaphor for Hedda's trap. However, set designer Joseph Cselenyi has created only a comfortable average-looking living room. The furniture might look a bit old or different but certainly not imposing. General Gabler's portrait doesn't stare out sternly at the scandal going on "on stage", instead he peeks at it from the shadows.

Henrik Ibsen wrote very detailed stage directions for his plays, since he wanted everything in exactly the right place. Everything in MTC's production is in the right place as Ibsen wanted, but it still doesn't look right. (Perhaps the plainness of the set indicates how cleverly disguised Hedda's trap really is.)

Hedda's husband, George Tesman, is a very academic and uninspired homebody — the perfect business administration student. Strangely enough, Douglas Rain's portrayal of Tesman provides the most exciting moments in the play. He manages to be uninspired without being boring.

The rest of the production, however, manages to be boring and uninspired. Director Edward Gilbert seems to have followed Ibsen carefully but still the production lacks inspiration.

In the advertisements, MTC is portraying Hedda as a praying mantis — an insect famous for eating its mate. Martha Henry, playing Hedda, is slightly more vicious than a dead brick, definitely not hungry.

Hedda continually sees Eilert Lovborg "with vine leaves in his hair". He isn't as romantic as Hedda wants to believe, but as played by Roland Hewgill he has less sex appeal than Robert Stanfield.

John Neville as Judge Brack comes close to being the perfect villain — devious and covert most of the time but not afraid to be blatantly mean occasionally.

Hedda Gabler continues at the theatre centre until January 27.

Roland Hewgill (Eilert Lovborg), Douglas Rain, (George Tesman) and Martha Henry (Hedda Gabler) in a scene from MTC's latest production, Henrik Ibsen's Hedda Gabler.

Theatre Notes

Gordon Pinsent, Newfoundland born star of The Rowdyman, has been signed to play the role of Sky Masterson in MTC's upcoming production of the hit musical, Guys and Dolls. He may be familiar to some of you as the former star of Quentin Durgens, M.P., from the television series of the same name.

MTC will present David Lui's production of Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris at the Warehouse from February 2 to 10. This award winning musical is currently in Vancouver and has been playing to packed houses there since July.

"Well-known Winnipeg actor" Grant Cowan will play the role of Harry the Horse in MTC's Guys and Dolls.

music

Endless Stream Of Mediocrity

Ramatan by Ramatan

After first hearing of Ramatam, I eagerly awaited their first album. After all, any group that has the former Hendrix drummer, Mitch Mitchell, must have something going for it.

Unfortunately, Ramatam has not provided the music industry with anything earth-shaking, not even a slight tremor. It's the same old re-hash of endless "heavies" in the Black Sabbath -Uriah Heep tradition. Their only redeeming factor is that the musicians involved sound a shade more competent than most who play this type of music.

It seems strange that Mitch Mitchell (considered as accomplished on drums as Hendrix was on guitar) should choose Ramatam as his re-entry into the recording business. It's hard to believe that the man responsible for much of the genius on the "Electric Ladyland" album should be wasting his time in a band that can at best be described as bland.

I wouldn't bluntly label the album as bad, just mediocre. Sometimes that's worse. The vocal work is just adequate and the music is predictable from beginning to end. Meaningless guitar solos saturate the album, covering up for the lack of imagination in the actual melodies.

There are a few remote moments throughout this record, however, that are worth mention. Songs such as "Changing Days", "Heart Song" and "Strange Place" provide the listener with a slight relief from their struggling.

Also performing in Ramatam are April Lawton (guitar), Mike Pinera (guitar and vocals), Russ Smith (bass and vocals) and Tommy Sullivan (keyboards, reeds and vocals).

In conclusion, Ramatam is just another highly polished band flowing down the endless stream of mediocrity, arm in arm with countless other by-product bands that have been emerging steadily for the last several years.

-Ken Rickner

Family Plays On

Bandstand By Family

After five years of struggle, Family has finally come up to international success with the release of their fifth album, Bandstand. The group and the album are enjoying a success unparalled by their four previous album releases.

Although I don't consider Bandstand their best release, it is still one of the best albums available on the rock scene today. Family has included, at one time or another, some of the finest British rock musicians ever assembled. Ric Grech, best known for his participation in Blindfaith (the first "supergroup"), was an original member of Family over five years ago and his violin, bass and vocals formed a basis for much of Family's music that they are still employing today. John Weider, better known as the violin-composer for the Animals on their "Winds of Change" album also contributed to Family's development. He too, has since left.

But throughout the group's history, two of England's most talented performers, Roger Chapman and John Whitney, have remained. They are the original founding members and without them Family would cease to be.

To describe Roger Chapman's vocals on paper is next to impossible as he has no parallels or similarities to any other popular vocalist. He has undoubtedly one of the most powerful voices I have ever heard and is capable of a surprising vocal range when called upon to use it. John Whitney, the guitar player for most of Family's material, is a brilliant musician and song writer who has never failed in his attempts to make each succeeding Family album refreshing and free from repetition. Together, Whitney and Chapman, not unlike Lennon and McCartney, have fed each other inspiration that has resulted in some of the most beautiful music ever recorded.

Family have no noticeable influences and, fortunately, cannot truly be compared with anyone, leaving them one of the few genuinely distinctive groups in the music business today.

There are nine cuts on Bandstand. Of that nine, "My Friend the Sun", "Burlesque", and "Broken Nose" are the most influential at first listening. All the cuts on the album, however, will reach out and stun you. If you have never heard Family before, now's the time. You won't be disappointed even if you are a little confused.

-Ken Rickner

Charles, Jack, Fred and Mitch

The Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra's second concert in its "Du Maurier Star Pops Concerts" series will be held Saturday, Jan. 20 at 8:30 p.m. and Sunday, Jan. 21 at 2:30 p.m. in the Centennial Concert Hall. The extra special guest stars for the concert will be Fred Davis, of Front Page Challenge, on trumpet; Charlie Lynch on harmonica and Winnipeg's own Jack Matheson on drums. They'll be performing their own symphony so it should be worth seeing. It might even be worth hearing.

Mitch Miller will be conducting and an audience sing-along with Mitch is planned.

Tickets are available at the usual outlets.

art

One Year Of Art

Birthday week at the Winnipeg Art Gallery (January 14-20) will feature the following events in the main auditorium to which admission is entirely free:

Wednesday, Jan. 17: The Royal Winnipeg Ballet School, 12:10 p.m. Film: "Beauty" and "Diary", 7:30 p.m.

Thursday, Jan. 18: Thursday Noon Film Series, 12:10 p.m.

Friday, Jan. 19: The Royal Winnipeg Ballet School, 12:10 p.m. "The Telephone" - Golden Voices Opera Manitoba Inc., 8:30 p.m.

Saturday, Jan. 20: McLean, McLean - a folk rock group, 1-6 p.m. and 7-8:30 p.m.

TOUGH GUY

BY LARRY SPARLING

The black man walked into the pub, kicked everyone in the face and sat down for a beer. Jesus, thought Johnny King to himself. You better cool down a little boy.

He strode into the beverage room. Johnny King never walked anywhere. He always strode, or ambled, or cooled it, as he liked to say. Today he wasn't so cool though. He'd had a rotten day at work and he was uptight. Not that he wasn't always uptight. He was. Not that he didn't always have a bad day at work. He did. It was just that today had been a particularly bad day so Johnny King was particularly uptight.

More than anything he wanted a beer. God how he wanted a beer. Where was that damn waiter.

The waiter came, a balding, stooped old man. "I want a Black," said Johnny, "hurry it up and no wise cracks pops."

As the waiter left the juke box in the corner began playing a tinny country western soap opera. This started Johnny off again.

What a place, he thought. The juke box plays black music for a black man drinking a black beer. I should be dressed all in black with a black mustache and a black hat and sitting at a black table. If I ordered a steak they'd probably bring it burnt.

A man came in and sat at the next table.

Johnny Black Man faced the other gunman ready for the shoot out. "All right fella," he said, "you walked in front of my table without asking and for that you're a goner. Draw. Before the man had a chance to move Johnny had pumped 27 shotgun blasts into him from three feet away, danced on his eyes with his spurs, drove over him with a steam roller, chopped him up with a hatchet, pushed him through a garbeurator, watched the remains roll down a conveyor belt into an incinerator and the ashes thrown out a jet window at 9,000 feet. "That should teach you fella," he said.

As he took another drink of the beer the waiter had brought him during his reverie he told himself to cool it for possibly the tenth time that day without realizing it.

"God, I'd like a beer," he thought, and then realizing he already had one, told himself to cool it again.

As he did so a blonde girl in a strippers outfit came up to his table.

"You're sitting at my table, buster."

"I don't see a reserved sign on it." said Johnny.

"Are you gonna move or am I gonna haveta get you bounced outa here?" whined the stripper.

"Why do I have to move. Can't you sit here while I'm here. What am I, black?"

"It's got nothing. . . Oh never mind sit here if you want. Just don't try anything funny buster."

Johnny trapped the blonde in a cage for a week and made funny faces at her until she went out of her mind. Then he took another drink of beer.

Our of idle curiousity he looked at the stripper. Not a bad body he thought, but her eyes look like they came from a bottle of maraschino cherries, and that face, christ there were road maps with less lines. The unfortunate thing about this broad, was that she was a broad, as a dog she probably would have had a pedigree.

The tinny music stopped. For a second Johnny thought it was time for the stripper to put on her show. It wasn't though and in the silence that followed Johnny looked at her again. She was staring vacantly into space. She wasn't really that bad, he thought, it was just that he was in such a rotten mood when he came in. The beer was starting to lift his spirits a little now. He was beginning to feel half human again.

"The beast man, half covered in fur threw the beautiful blonde on the floor. "You're a stripper, so strip." he growled. But suddenly taking pity on her helplessness, he carried her away to his cave and said, "oogah boogah, want a beer?"

Okay, thought Johnny, cut the crap. If you want the broad stop with the mental gymnastics and get down to business.

"You want a beer?" he said. Oh that's good, thought Johnny, really original. Why didn't you just offer her a free onion sandwich. I hear that gets em every time too.

The blonde turned to look at him.

"What?" she wined.

"You want a beer, you know, it's an alcoholic beverage."

"Why would I want a beer. I got one right here."

"Oh, so you do lady. So you do. I was just trying to make conversation, that is all."

"Why?"

"Why? Well it's a long story and I need an audience to tell it to because I'm a complusive liar."

"Is that so. Well tell it to someone else buster. I don't think I want to hear it."

Johnny King stuck the blonde head first into a barrel of quick drying concrete and gloatingly screamed, "Let's see you hear anything from in there my little beauty."

Looking over the situation once again he decided to abandon the frontal assault and attempted to sneak through her defences by the sincere method.

"Look I was only trying to be friendly. I'm just up here to see my sister. She's my sole surviving relative and she's in the hospital. I don't know anyone here except her."

"Oh really".

"No, it's the truth. I swear it."

"Yeah, we all got our troubles I guess. What happened to her?"

"She was working as a trapeze artist, you know, one of those girls that hangs from a rope by her teeth. Last week she forgot she got new false teeth."

The blonde looked disgusted.

"I told you I was a liar." said Johnny.

"You're a screwball." said the blonde.

"Yeah, but misery loves company. How would you like to go for a drink after you finish work?

"You are out of your mind. Do you know what you're asking? Do you know who you're asking? I'm the stripper here, remember?"

"What does that have to do with anything? I'm not prejudiced."

"What if I don't want to go out with a screwball? Besides, my old man would kill me if he ever found out."

"You're married?"

"Separated, but that doesn't make any difference to him."

"Fine," said Johnny. "It doesn't make any difference to me either. "What time are you finished?"

"11:30. I have to dance now so I'll be finished in fifteen minutes."

"Great," said Johnny, "I'll meet you outside after you're finished. We'll go for a drink together."

"Okay. I mean sure, after all, what can I lose?"

"Say I don't even know your name."

"It's Gloria."

"Mine's Johnny."

"Great. I'll meet you outside Gloria, after you're finished."

"Sure. I got to go now. My act you know."

"Yeah, see you later. "The blonde got up and so did Johnny. She was putting on her dance music as he walked out the door. It grated loud on his ears as he left.

It was raining hard when he stepped outside. He looked into the dark for a long moment then began walking in the rain towards home. "Dumb broad," he muttered. "I told you I was a liar."